

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 254.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1858.

PRICE 1½d.

A SOUVENIR OF A DINNER.

STANDING irresolute at the book-stall at the Great Northern terminus, King's Cross, uncertain in which of the red and yellow volumes I should invest half-a-crown for my mental delectation on a journey to Edinburgh, my eye rested on a little brochure called *The Art of Dining*.

We all know how to eat, but very few of us know how to dine. The one is a suggestion of nature, the other is an effort of high art, in which we are constantly frustrated. Providence sends meats, and the proverb tells us how those good things are neutralised by the envoys of the Prince of Darkness. There is no enterprise to which the human mind can be directed more noble in itself, or more profitable to mankind, than the conversion of fish, flesh, fowl, fruits, and vegetables into sapid and nutritious *matériel*. I will not say it has been the study of my life to dine well, for in our hot youth we care little what we eat, or when, or how the meat is dressed. *C'est toute autre chose* when the actual palate becomes a little fantastical from use, the ideal taste somewhat refined by experience, and the gratification of epicurean guests an object of social, and often of high political importance. Hence the last half of my life has been consecrated to gastronomic considerations. At thirty, I began to suspect the merits of boiled mutton and caper sauce; at forty, boiled beef and mutton-chops were discarded from my table; at fifty, I peremptorily discharged my cook for daring to place a suet-pudding before me. But if I thus circumscribed the limits of my *carte* in one way, I enlarged them in another. If I dismissed my old-established *pièces de résistance*, my heavy battalions and siege-train, I enlisted an immense body of light infantry and flying-artillery in their places. The radius of my bill of fare is very extensive, comprising innumerable French dishes with ingenious titles, and many of my own conception with loyal and popular designations. Ask at the Waterloo or Anderson's (late Macgregor's), in Princes Street, for a *pâté à la provost d'Edinbourg*, or an *Auld Reekie mayonnaise*, and you will see that I have some pretensions to culinary skill. Still, I am not satisfied; none but egotists are easily pleased with their own work. I believe I have yet much to learn of the sublime science of dining. The Walkers, Udes, Savarins, and so forth, thought only of providing for a party varying from eight to twenty guests, and even more. Few have taught us how one person may dine. The other day, in the Dover train, I fell in with an alderman who was going over to Paris for the first time in his life. 'To dine at the *Trois Frères* or *Durand's*?' I concluded.

'O dear, no—to see the Tooleries and the Looover, etcetera. What do I care for French kickshaws? No—a man must be partickler indeed who couldn't be satisfied with old English fare.'

'Just so,' I replied, falling into his humour—'turtle, venison, turbot, and all that.'

'Now,' said he, turning towards me, and looking me full in the face, 'how you talk! You fellows of the West End, or the country, have the most erroneous conceptions of an alderman's appetite. It is true, we give the best of fare in our power to our guests on public occasions; but see us in private—we are perfect anchorites!' And he sank back in his seat, the very type of a self-denying Silenus.

'You amaze me,' I rejoined: 'the popular notion runs quite the other way.'

My curiosity was greatly piqued, and I resolved to lead my companion to a disclosure of an ascetic alderman's fare *en solitude*.

'Tell me, sir,' said I, continuing the conversation, 'if I don't take too great a liberty, what may be your ideas of gastronomic simplicity?'

'My ideas of simplicity! Why, give me but a basin of Scotch broth (the most exhilarating of broths—the very champagne of soups), followed by a tender rump-steak and oyster-sauce; a bird, according to the season; a pudding or a tart, and a piece of Stilton; with a glass of sherry after my soup, porter with my steak, and a pint of port after my cheese; and I would wish for nothing more!'

If I was amazed before, I was now petrified. Truly, a most moderate gourmand; quite a rigorous, self-denying Barmecide. The description conjured to my mind a vision of Sancho Panza feasting in prosperity. But the alderman's little sketch did not provide the lesson I expected. It did not help me to arrange a dinner for a solitary bachelor of delicate appetite and limited means. I was, and still am, at a loss in that important particular; therefore it was that (the reader must pardon the long digression) I laid out eighteenpence in the *Art of Dining*—one of Mr Murray's volumes of *Railway Reading*—and had cut all the leaves before the train had emerged from the tunnel which darkens the road between King's Cross and Potter's Bar.

The book proved to be a reprint of Mr Hayward's article from the *Quarterly*—a good *résumé* of all that had been written on the subject of gastronomy, and an amusing collection of anecdotes of famous cooks, and equally famous patrons of cooks, from Louis XIV. to Lord Alvanley. It is very edifying, and nearly complete. If the author and the accomplished diners-out and dinner-givers whom Mr A. H. consulted, have

failed in anything, it is in doing justice to curries—the most delicious of all methods of dressing certain kinds of human food. See how readily the thousands of Englishmen and Scotchmen who go to India adapt themselves to it; and how the pleasure of returning to their native land in the autumn of life is qualified by the sacrifice of what had become a *sine quâ non* in the daily meal. An English curry is ordinarily a detestable mess, a gross imposition, a downright insult to the cultivated palate. Fowl or rabbit smeared with turmeric and black pepper, and served up with half-boiled rice—that's an English *ménagère's* notion of the thing. A native of the Andaman islands would recoil from it with horror; and Jack Pandey, of the 34th Bengal Native Infantry, would find in such garbage a new apology for mutiny, in which his officers would sustain him. But try a curry made as a first-class Indian *khansumah*, or butler, would fabricate it. It is easily done. I know two families who have acquired a respectable status in society by its adoption. You have all the ingredients at hand—saffron, the pulp of the cocoa-nut, butter, garlic, red pepper, onions (which should be fried separately), salt, an apple; and, mind me, use only fat meats of an open grain. The smooth, impenetrable texture of rabbit and chicken renders it quite impossible for the meat to become even partially saturated with the curry-stuff thus compounded; and unless that is done, you may as well serve up the leg of a chair or table with your rice. Shrimps and eels make admirable curries, for the same reason that pork and mutton are to be commended. They gratefully reciprocate service; they impart to the condiment some of their own exquisite flavour, while they receive the saffron impregnation. A shrimp or prawn curry, served with well-boiled rice, would enable a minister of state to win over the most bitter opponent and selfish intriguer in the shape of a foreign ambassador. But let that pass. I do not quarrel with A. H. for omitting to speak of things which only orientalists can understand. No, I forgive him for his modesty; and I also honour him for the praise *en passant* he has bestowed on my lamented friend, Alexis Soyer. He says of the deceased: 'He is a clever man, of inventive genius, and inexhaustible resource; but his execution is hardly on a par with his conception, and he is more likely to earn his immortality by his soup-kitchen, than by his soup.'

I am not quite sure that this is a just estimate, though it is kindly meant. A great cook is no more expected to make his dishes than a great general is required to head every charge of cavalry. It is his province to conceive, plan, direct, leaving to the engineers of his *batterie de cuisine* to operate their pleasant warfare. This was Soyer's forte. If he had been a wealthy man, he would have devoted his mornings to the conceptions of dishes, which his friends should have eaten in the evening. I once dined with him. He was then *maitre de cuisine* at the Reform Club. Eight or nine years have passed away, and I have eaten much since; but the recollection of that dinner is unfading. It 'lingering haunts the greenest spot in memory's waste,' as poor Tom Moore sang in one of his most charming *chansons*. Soyer was supreme in the basement-story. His chambers were united with the kitchen. He was 'monarch of all he surveyed.' The dinner took place in his chambers, and this is how it came about.

I had been conversing with the great chief about his *métier*, and observed how proud he must feel to minister to the appetites of so many hundreds of men superior by their intelligence and station to the ordinary run of Englishmen. 'Bah!' he exclaimed; 'they do not appreciate me or my cookery. It is thrown away upon them. There are many *gourmands* among them, but very few *gourmets*. Excepting Lord M. H., there is

hardly one of them that knows how to order a dinner; and if he leaves it to me, and gives *carte blanche* as to the price, ten to one but he invites people who would as readily eat a piece of under-done roast beef. What do they know of *bouchées de lapereau à la Pompadour*, or *noisettes de veau à la Velleroi, garnies d'une soubise*? It is terrible, my dear friend, to think how great talent is prostituted before such coarse fellows.' I felt he was quite right, and I told him so, and I repeated part of Goldsmith's notions of a good company over a haunch of venison. 'Tenez,' he resumed; 'I think you could appreciate a superior dinner. I think you are a man before whom I could venture to deploy the highest efforts of my poor genius. Come and dine with me on Saturday next. We can repose from the fatigues of mind and stomach on the Sunday. Invite five friends. Our table must be round, and our party limited to eight. Thus all can share in the conversation. You and I, and a French friend of mine—a confidential envoy from the *cuisinier de la bouche, du Prince Président de la R-r-r-république*—will make three. Ask the rest yourself, and let them be *beaux esprits*.' I accepted the invitation.

It took me an hour to consider which of the men in my small circle would best suit the occasion. It is not often that the most brilliant intellect is associated with the most undeniable palate. Faraday is content with a cutlet; Tennyson is said to affect tripe. I don't believe it. However, when I had deliberated, made out list after list, and then weeded and pruned the collection, I decided on my five. A. was a brilliant M.P., as M.P.s go; B. was a barrister; C., an actor of abounding quiet humour; D., an artist—a superb historical painter; E., a soldier and traveller. The literary interest was represented poorly enough by myself.

The dinner-hour was eight; we were punctual. The table was chastely spread—a *tazza* of flowers in the centre; a vase would have obscured the guests from each other. A gas chandelier above illuminated the table. There were knives, forks, and napkins for the eight guests—nothing more—not even a salt-cellar—on the whitest of damask cloths. Soyer was cordial in his welcome. His face beamed with the pleasure which a sense of triumph and a prospect of enjoyment is sure to impart. He took his seat, and a servant brought in one dish. We had no soup. 'It is a mistake,' said the incomparable Soyer, 'to provide a pool for the reception of viands. You only drown them.' The first course was fish, of which three descriptions came in, one after the other, so that they should be hot. I remember there were *filets de sole à la Normande*; but I remember nothing more of the many dishes which succeeded each other at prolonged intervals, all seasoned, all cut up, and temporarily reunited, so that a silver fork removed the slices without the intervention of a knife. Their measured *entrée* allowed repose to the stomach, time for wine, and time for talk. We did not make a toil of a pleasure. There were several wines, each adapted to a particular dish; they were sipped deliberately; it was necessary that an amalgam should be established within, and the palate allowed an opportunity of reviving. Do you blame me that I do not remember the details of the dinner, fascinated as I was with the *ensemble*? Then blame the girl in Bulwer's *Pompeii* who had never noticed the colour of her lover's eyes. How many a man remembers with what intense enjoyment he read Walter Scott's *Waverley*, but how few can recall a single passage of the unapproachable work! Then blame me not if I forget all. All?—no! I do remember me of one feature of the dinner: it was too striking to be forgotten.

We had reached the last course—it was midnight, and yet no one was suffering from repletion. The

servitor now brought us in ham, boiled, clothed in grated bread, and decorated with a *papillote* of foolscap. 'O Soyer,' exclaimed the guests with one voice, 'what appetites you must suppose us to possess!' We had eaten of innumerable meats, and rather preferred a good dessert. 'Cut,' said the *gastrolome* to me, indifferent to the appeal of his friends. I looked at him imploringly: Why carve what no one would eat? His expression was sternly resolute, Napoleon I.'s could not have been more obdurate. 'Everybody who dines with me must eat what I command. Cut, I say; you will not repent it.' Slap went the knife into the neighbourhood of the knuckle, the meat yielding with the most graceful condescension. The second insertion revealed the trick. It was a cake, of the pound-cake quality, filled with vanilla ice! Well might he call it a *jambon à la surprise*, for our weak minds were astonished exceedingly. Everybody had a corner for that ham. Soyer then told us that it was nothing very new, though uncommon. He had once practised the same device at the house of Sir Robert Peel, on a grander scale. He had prepared an entire course of imitative game—pheasants, partridges, snipe, hare—all were *gâteaux*, with iced creams in their interiors. Colonel Peel, the present Secretary of State for War, presided; the lady of Sir Robert was at the other hand. 'Why, what's the meaning of this?' exclaimed the colonel, who had the hare before him. 'We have done with game.' 'Never mind,' said her ladyship, who was in the secret; 'you have only to carve; nobody's obliged to eat.' And he *did* carve, as prodigiously astounded at the results as he was when Lord Derby sent to him a few months ago, and placed him at the head of the War-office.

Towards the close of the dinner, one of the servants of the establishment came in with what appeared, at first sight, to be a diminutive jack-in-the-green.

'Ah, ha!' said our host, 'that's just the thing. I think the duchess will be pleased.'

This was another surprise, at least for us. Alexis had devised a bouquet of game for the Duchess of Sutherland. It consisted simply of a framework resembling a boy's kite, and about five feet high. On this, mingled with evergreen leaves, so as to conceal the frame, were placed, with much grace and effect, a hare, two rabbits, a pheasant, partridges, grouse, plovers, snipe, larks, and ducks—all made fast to the frame. A picture of this clever contrivance afterwards appeared in the *Illustrated News*; but a woodcut covered with black ink conveyed no idea of the beauty of the original, or of the variety of plumage that reposed on a rich and glossy green.

We rose from table a little before one, to adjourn to the kitchen, to see the *modus operandi*, and give orders for a supper of broils and devils. As I turned round, I saw a portrait of the late Madame Soyer on the wall in crayons, and in an unusually low part of the wall. I was tempted to remark upon the singularity. 'There is a little story attached to that,' said Soyer with a melancholy smile. 'The house was being whitewashed; I was out of the way when my poor wife called. With her usual fun, she seized a piece of charcoal, and immediately sketched her sweet face on the wall, and when it was finished, she said to one of the plasterers: "There, tell Monsieur Soyer that a lady paid him a visit, and she has left her card!"'

The broils proved as superb in their way as the stews, boila, roasts, and fries which had preceded them. It was two o'clock in the morning before we parted company. Tamblers of whisky-punch crowned the feast, in which, to say the truth, there had been a rare concurrence of physical and intellectual enjoyment. The barrister's wit was as sparkling as the Mosel; the M.P.'s remarks had the solidity of the

port; the player's fun fizzed with the champagne. Much was eaten, a great quantity was drunk; and my concluding phrase will be the best commentary on the superlative excellence of the entertainment—no one had a headache the next day! Let us respect the memory of Alexis Soyer.

THE BATTLE OF THE CENTURIES.

In our defence of the eighteenth century against the diatribes of Mr Carlyle (see No. 252), we had but little room to illustrate the spirit of that preceding age with which the philosopher of Chelsea and all other lovers of earnestness and decisive courses are so much enamoured. Let us now, then, recur to the subject.

First, however, let us fully admit that the seventeenth century produced men who, for their lights, were entitled to high admiration. They aimed well; they ventured and suffered heroically; and much which they did was of vast importance to those who came after them. But the lights of that time were really of a very glimmering and insufficient character. Some of the principles on which our individual happiness rests were quite undetermined. Contentions which we know to be only productive of mutual destruction, while settling nothing, were then eagerly fought. Much, consequently, of that very earnestness which is now by some admired so highly, was merely an earnestness in imposing distasteful and impossible opinions on others. Let us adduce a few illustrations on this point from a work recently published.*

In 1630, a number of papist gentlemen in Aberdeen and Banffshires were pressed by the government and clergy to make profession of the reformed doctrines, the alternative on refusal being imprisonment, or banishment, and loss of their estates, with, at the utmost, some allowance from the latter at the pleasure of the king. John Gordon of Craig sent a petition to the Privy Council, humbly shewing 'that, for religion, order hath been given for banishing the petitioner's son, his wife and children, and confining himself—in respect of his great age—in a town within Scotland [Cupar], which order they have all humbly obeyed, his son, wife, and poor children having forthwith abandoned the kingdom. A two part of the poor estate which he hath being allotted for his son and his family, and a third part for himself, he now findeth that by such a mean proportion he cannot be able to live, being both aged and sickly. His humble suit is, that he may have leave to depart the kingdom to live with his son, because by their estate undivided, they may all be more able to subsist than otherwise.' Even this poor boon was denied as 'unreasonable.' About the same time, the Council received a petition from 'Elizabeth Garioch, setting forth her case as a sufferer for her "averseness and non-conformity to the religion presently professed." She was an old decrepit woman, past threescore and ten years, bedrid for the present, and not likely long to live. She had lain for months in the Tolbooth of Aberdeen, with "no earthly means to entertain herself but one croft of sax bolls sawing, and neither husband nor child to attend to the winning and in-gathering thereof." The misery of her circumstances made her restraint, she said, the more grievous. Therefore she craved release from prison, professing, "for the eschewing of scandal, which her remaining in the country may breed or occasion," her willingness to give security that she should remove herself forth of the kingdom. The Lords mercifully remitted to the Bishop of Aberdeen to see to Elizabeth Garioch being liberated on her

* *Domestic Annals of Scotland*. By Robert Chambers. 2 vols. 8vo. 1858.

giving caution to the extent of a thousand merks for her self-banishment.*

During the Civil War, dissent from the Presbyterian Church, or even a declining to sign the Solemn League and Covenant—the said League being a bond agreeing to extirpate popery and prelacy—was punished with excommunication, which implied outlawry and loss of all worldly possessions. In 1643, we find one Gilbert Garden, in Aberdeenshire, threatened with this punishment for forsaking the church, and professing to consider his private devotions as sufficient; and he was afterwards actually imprisoned as a Brownite. A poor wheel-wright in Aberdeen, who had adopted Brownism or Independency, only saved himself by flight. About the same time, the Marquis and Marchioness of Douglas, who were Catholics, were deprived of their children, lest they should inherit the errors of their parents, or be sent for their education to France. The marquis, on one occasion, petitioned the presbytery of Lanark for permission to have one of his sons brought from the school at Glasgow, and placed at that of Lanark, *‘but not to come home to his parents unless the presbytery permit.’* This proud noble had to receive a Presbyterian minister into his house, to be a spy upon his religious practice. After he had made some concessions, his marchioness still held out; but at last she also was compelled to yield. ‘On the 9th of March 1650, two ministers went to pass upon her that sentence of excommunication which was to make her homeless and an outlaw, unless she should instantly profess the Protestant faith; at the same time telling her “how fearful a sin it was to swear with equivocation or mental reservation.” The lady, of course, reflected that the system represented by her visitors was now triumphant over everything—that, for one thing, it had brought her brother Huntly, not a twelvemonth ago, beneath the stroke of the Maiden. She “declared she had no more doubts,” and at the command of one of the ministers, held up her hand, and solemnly accepted the Covenant before the congregation. “After he had read the Solemn League and Covenant, and desired her to hold up her hand and swear by the great name of God to observe, according to her power, every article thereof, she did so; and after divine service was ended, he desired her to go to the session-table and subscribe the Covenant, and, before the minister and elders, she went to the said table and did subscribe.”’

As might be readily supposed, the Marquis and Marchioness of Douglas continued to be Catholics in their hearts. The presbytery had only forced them into a hypocritical submission.

Quakerism came into Scotland during the Commonwealth, and obtained a few adherents among the gentry. ‘Walter Scott of Raeburn, brother of William Scott of Harden, had been converted to Quakerism, and on that account was incarcerated in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh. There it was soon discovered by his relations that he was exposed to the conversation of other Quakers, prisoners like himself, “whereby he is hardened in his pernicious opinions and principles, without all hope of recovery, unless he be separated from such pernicious company.” There was, however, a more serious evil than even this, in the risk which his children ran of being perverted to Quakerism, if allowed to keep company with their father. On a petition, therefore, the Council gave the brother Harden warrant (June 22, 1665) to take away Raeburn’s children, two boys and a girl, from their father, that they might be educated in the true religion. He, “after some pains taken with them in his own family, sent them to the city of Glasgow, to be bred at the schools there.”’* On a second petition

from Harden, the Council ordered an annuity of £1000 Scots to be paid to him, out of Raeburn’s estate, for the maintenance of the children; and they also ordered the father himself to be removed to Jedburgh Tolbooth, “where his friends and others may have occasion to convert him.” “To the effect he may be secured from the practice of other Quakers,” the Lords “discharged the magistrates of Jedburgh to suffer any persons suspect of these principles to have access to him.” Raeburn continued to be a prisoner in Jedburgh jail in June 1669, when the Privy Council gave a fresh order that “none of his persuasion should have access to him, except his own wife.”

‘At length, on the 1st of January 1670, after suffering imprisonment for four and a half years, Raeburn was ordained to be set at liberty from jail, but still to remain within the bounds of his own lands, and to see no other Quaker under a penalty of a hundred pounds, his children meanwhile remaining as they were. Mr George Keith was set at liberty on the 6th of March, but only to go into voluntary exile.’

The Presbyterians having, during their time of supremacy, thrust out and otherwise persecuted every minister who had a particle of predilection for Episcopacy, or who favoured the king on loyal principles only, the Episcopalians in their turn practised similar severities at the Restoration against the more rigid Presbyterians. A melancholy proof of the want of tolerant feeling on all sides was then afforded by the simultaneous losses of their cures by Presbyterians, because unable to submit to Episcopalian regulations, and compensations claimed from their vacant stipends for Episcopalian ministers who had been deposed on equally insufficient grounds during the preceding twelve years. It was pitiable to hear at once of poor clergymen who had been thrown with their families into destitution for declining to sign the Covenant, and of others who were now threatened with the like evils for adhering to it, the time having not yet come when one party could take a lesson from the errors of the other. To quote the work referred to:

‘The many petitions of the persecuted men of 1638–60 for redress are only slightly alluded to in a few sentences by Wodrow, while he fills long chapters with those sufferings of proscribed Remonstrators which would never probably have had existence but for their own harsh doings in their days of power. He dwells with much feeling on the banishment passed upon Mr John Livingstone, a preacher high in the esteem of the more serious people, and deservedly so. All must sympathise with such a case, and admire the heroic constancy of the sufferer; but it is striking, only a few months after his sentence to exile (February 2, 1664), to find a Mr Robert Aird coming before the Privy Council with a piteous recital of the distresses to which he and his family had been subjected since 1638, in consequence of his being then thrust out of his charge at Stranraer, merely for his affection to the then constituted Episcopal government, the clergyman put into his place being this same John Livingstone! Aird tells us that, being then “redacted to great straits, he was at last necessitated to settle himself in Comray, in the diocese of the Isles, where his provision [patrimony] was,” that being “so little that he was not able to maintain his family.” During the usurpation, “by reason of his affection to his majesty, he was quartered upon and otherwise cruelly abused, to his almost utter ruin.” The Lords recommended that Mr Aird should have some allowance out of vacant stipends in the diocese of the Isles. Another of the zealous clergy whose resistance to the new rule and consequent troubles and denunciation are brought conspicuously forward by Wodrow, was Mr James Hamilton,

* One of these boys was the great-grandfather of Sir Walter Scott of Abbotsford.

minister of Blantyre. He was compelled to leave his parish, and not even allowed to officiate peaceably in his own house at Glasgow. Much to be deplored, truly; but Wodrow does not tell us of a petition which was about the same time addressed to the Council by the widow of Mr John Heriot, the former minister of Blantyre, upon whom, in 1653, "the prevailing party of Remonstrators in the presbytery of Hamilton had intruded one Mr James Hamilton," by whom the whole stipend had been appropriated, so that Heriot, after a few years of penury, had left his widow and children in absolute destitution. So impressed were the Council by the petitioner's case, that they ordered her to receive the whole stipend of the current year.

A somewhat picturesque incident, illustrative of the depressed condition of the Romish party in the reign of Charles II., occurred at Aberdeen in 1670. Francis Irving, brother of the Laird of Drum, was a zealot on this side, going so far occasionally as to get up a disputation in favour of popery. 'His sister Elizabeth being deceased, he resolved to have her buried in a public way in St Nicolas' Church in Aberdeen, being the principal church there, and for this purpose he collected a great company of his own persuasion, and "that the strength, interest, and boldness of the papists there might the more appear," he "in a most insolent and treasonable way, did raise in arms and bring to the town, from Comar, a band of Highlandmen, armed with guns, hagbutts, pistols, bows and arrows, and other weapons." These, "after they had entered at the

Port, albeit they might have taken a nearer and more private way to the Lady Drum her lodging, where the corpse lay, in the Guestraw," being resolved to affront and provoke the magistrates and people, "had the confidence to march to the said house alongst

, being the most populous and public street in the said town, in rank and order and in warlike posture, a commander marching before, and another behind, to the great astonishment and grief of his majesty's good subjects, affected to the purity of religion." On the morning of the day of the funeral, a gentleman went at the order of Francis to the provost of the burgh, told him what was to be done that night, and warned him that, if the people thronged about the funeral company, and any "inconvenience ensue there-through," it should be at the peril of the magistracy, who ought to restrain their people—"which was a practice without parallel for insolency and boldness." "About eleven o'clock that night, the corpse being lifted, was carried to the church of Aberdeen, with great show and in a public way, with many torches, a great multitude of persons accompanying, the coffin being covered with velvet or cloth, with a cross upon the same, and a priest or some other person going before the corpse, holding out his arms before him, and carrying a crucifix under his cloak, or using some other superstitious ceremony." The Highlandmen, having their swords drawn, guarded the corpse and torches, "and when they came to the church-door, divers others of the company drew their swords and did hold them drawn in the church all the time the corpse was [being] buried." "In the throng, two of the inhabitants of the town was wounded." "Next morning, the Highlandmen having marched out of the town, many of them in a braving and insulting manner did shoot and discharge their guns as they went by the provost's lodging."

'Francis was found guilty of "a high and insolent riot," and condemned to be imprisoned in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh during pleasure, besides paying the expenses incurred in his prosecution. It does not appear that he suffered much confinement in jail; but he was forbidden to approach within a mile of Aberdeen. It was only on petition that he obtained

so far a relaxation from this sentence as to be permitted to visit his mother there, in order to settle some weighty affairs of hers, on which he acted as trustee. On a subsequent petition in July 1671, he was freed from this restraint.'

Such are merely a few traits of the age of earnestness. To extend them would be only too possible.

MY OPPOSITE NEIGHBOURS.

'GENTLE reader,' were you ever at Tenby? If you have not been there—taking it for granted that you love tranquillity and beautiful coast-scenery as much as I do—you ought to go there without delay. You ask: 'What is there to see?' and 'How far is it from a station?' I will reply to the last question first, and tell you that whatever route you take, it is thirteen miles over hill and dale from any station; and however unpopular it may be to say so, its being so far from the iron highways of the world is to me one of the great charms of Tenby. There are plenty of 'stations' at countless sea-sides. And here I may as well say that I am ashamed of my *compatriots*; they—men, women, and children—have become positive slaves to the locomotive; they have sold themselves, limb and life, to King Steam. When they hear of something very rare and beautiful, their first question is, 'How far is it from a station?' One would think there was neither a horse nor a pair of sound limbs in England; that we had mistaken our ancestry, and lately discovered we are descended from the Chinese, and inherit our mothers' incapacity to use our feet. We surrender ourselves to the boiling, bubbling, hissing, screaming, steaming 'Express;' and if obliged to exchange the stuffy heated carriage, in which the thermometer would stand at ninety, for a cool breezy drive through lanes enamelled with wild-flowers, and shaded at intervals by trees in their summer profusion of verdure, with the song of the lark instead of the whistle of the steam-engine, for accompaniment—we grumble. We absolutely prefer the trembling and jerking of the unwieldy monster who delights in human sacrifice, to the guidance of a pair of spanking Welsh ponies, which cross the hills like a whirlwind, dash into the valleys, as if they considered broken knees a myth; and if they did upset you—which they never do—but if they did, you are there, safe in the grass, or the heather, without injury to arm, leg, or even little finger.

The thirteen miles were quite refreshing to us; when, after scrambling through the streets, avoiding, as by a miracle, running over the children, and arrived at our sea-side home, we found ourselves in a lofty house, the last that towers over the precipitous rocks of the south sands: twilight had fallen like a veil on the ocean; but we could trace the outline of the fertile island of Caldy, whose light-house marked a brilliant track upon the waters. The tide was full in, and the sea was dashing its phosphoric illuminations over the dark rocks beneath our windows.

In the morning, the view was indeed magnificent: Caldy, and its caverned sister, St Margarets, opposite our windows; 'proud Gittow,' that noble headland, standing out far on the right, washed by the pure sparkling waves of the Atlantic, as they rolled into Tenby Bay. On the left, set like a jewel in the waters—surmounted by the ruins of a religious house—arose with firmness and dignity the rocky island of St

Catherine, shewing patches of verdure, and blushing here and there over the deep and caverned fissures, with the abundant blossoms of the sea-pink; a little beyond rose the Castle hill, with its ruins forming a commanding boundary between the south and north sands. Beyond that, stretched out the noble bay of Carnarvon; and beyond that again, there were dim outlines of mountains, as if they were exhalations of the brilliant waters. As we stood in that charming window, the only object that reminded us of man's 'handywork' was the remains of an old bastion tower, crowning a projecting rock which had evidently been the turning-point where the old city-wall ran on as a sea-wall. A walk between the ramparts, which are in a singular state of preservation, terminated at our window. It was quite a new delight to step out between those aged battlements, starred by innumerable wild-flowers and mosses, and enwreathed by small-leaved ivies, where the botanist would find sufficient interest and occupation for hours, upon a few yards of this enriched masonry. It was like standing on the threshold of a new world, to enter that old tower from the battlement-walk, and seated safely on the top, to enjoy the sea and the landscape. Climbing up and down the dark rocks, are the ruins of the gray sea-wall, now altogether lost amid the rubble, and now emerging from behind a natural pinnacle, as if resolved to do brave battle with time. Nothing can be more picturesque than the inequalities of these 'remains'—here a bastion; there, further on, another mural tower; then up and down, a long broken line of ruin. We discovered from our 'look-out,' that our house rested against a very perfect portion of the wall—perfect to the second story. One of the towers had absolutely been beguiled into it, so that the drawing-room boasts of a nondescript sort of oriel recess, whose cell-like window, imbedded in the substantial masonry of old times, commands a half land-view of the 'burrows,' and the lovely village of Penally, sheltered amid trees and flowers.

All this beauty is set to the music of the waves, now sonorous as an organ, now dying away on the sands in whisperings, soft as the breeze amid the corn. We never attempted to resist the fascination of watching the receding tide, giving as it did every moment fresh interest to the scene—exposing the base of some gigantic cavern—retreating from ledges of rock over which the waters danced in the sunbeams half-an-hour before as calmly as they did above the silver sands—exposing the rocky bridge upon which, at low-water, you can pass from St Margarets to Caldy Isle, and enabling you to cross the sands, which are as firm and hard as marble—too firm and pure to emit an exhalation—to St Catherine's Rock, and explore its caves. The north sands are preferred by many to the south; they are, as a pretty descendant of the ancient Flemings assured us, 'more lively' than the south, 'which are cold and grander-like; but it's so pretty to see the boats round the pier, and the bathing-machines, and the trees down to the water's edge, and the flower-gardens, all just under the principal street, and the shops so beautiful, and the elderly gentlemen so quiet in the reading-room.'

You should have heard this information, given with a rapidity that would have been startling, but for the soft melodious voice of the speaker. The peasants who come in, in their high hats and jackets, to sell the produce of their gardens, are all sweet-voiced and gentle-mannered. We were three weeks in this town during the excitement of a regatta and the weekly bustle of 'the market,' and we never saw but one drunken person, and never heard a loud or harsh word spoken by one to another. It may be said that 'ladies' do not go in the way of meeting drunkards, or 'hearing harsh words spoken'—they do not desire to encounter these painful sights and sounds—but,

unfortunately, they see them and hear them constantly in London and out of London, and it adds much to our happiness to be freed from them. We drove daily through lanes enriched by the greatest variety of wild-flowers—not even in Devonshire had we seen such beautiful lanes; and into villages, whose rude walls and barren aspect often recalled the villages of Ireland, meeting abundance of pigs and children—the latter dirty and beautiful enough to strengthen the resemblance—but we were never once asked for charity. The little girls who open the lane-gates never even hold out their hands; and when you visit a castle or a church, you are not hurried or importuned; while what you do give is received courteously.

There is a freshness about Tenby and its people which at once revives and amuses. Though they have no pretension to be considered the 'original' Welsh, they retain sufficient marks of their Flemish descent to be unlike the regular money-making people of our 'watering-places.' Of course, they make the most of their 'season;' but, 'season' included, Tenby is still decidedly 'moderate' to a Londoner, who, by the way, on his arrival, is sadly perplexed to know where his wants can be supplied.

'The library' is a perfect Noah's ark. The best tea is to be had in 'packets' at the library; and pianos, perfumery, walking-sticks—in addition to a good collection of books, and abundance of civility in exchange for a great deal of trouble.

Sugar is sold at the linendraper's. A young man, who really takes excellent photographs, told us he intended adding a grocer's shop to his art, and thought they would do well together. We hope they may. If they are out of stamps at the post-office, you can get them at the toy-shop. And the postman teaches the rudiments of music. In two days, you may know all the towns-people, and the towns-people know you. The basket-women need not be told where to take your purchases to; and the little sea-lads, who live quite as much in the water as on dry land, discover in a day if you desire shells or *actinies*. The latter are altogether different from those gathered at Weymouth, Ilfracombe, or Penzance. Of course, there is a band. One good Welsh harp would be worth twenty of such bands. And there are abundance of yachts and boats, and the best warm sea-water and shower-baths we have seen anywhere out of Brighton.

The whole land is jewelled with ruins—Manorbear, Carew, and Pembroke castles—all within a drive; and every knoll and wood, every crag and valley, has either its castle, its church, or its old priory.

Having now given you the outline of what you may 'see,' I must add that, amid all these attractions, I had leisure to pry into the concerns of my opposite neighbours.

I beg my readers to believe that I have not a general habit of prying. I like, I confess, to see and to hear; and not only to ask questions, but to listen to replies. But I must say that my opposite neighbours at Tenby attracted my attention so forcibly, that I have risen before the sun to observe their movements, and often used my opera-glass, to see, if possible, how they were occupied inside their dwelling. I saw who they were at once; there could be no mistake about that; and I conjectured what their object was in taking up their abode in that out-of-the-way corner. The neat, trim little pair desired to avoid observation. They liked retirement, and wished to live as they pleased, without reference to the habits or expenditure of their neighbours. This could not be objected to in a land of liberty; and their active and prudent life insured admiration. Very active, indeed, it was; they were out and about, as I have said, before sunrise; and seemed to me to be stirring long after a June sunset. Although they

occupied an elevated position, they attended to the wants and education of their four little ones themselves; to provide for and train up their children in the way they believed they should go, seemed the business of their busy lives. The little lady was a model of neatness and activity—very particular in her dress; and if she saw the least speck of dirt on her husband's coat, she attacked it so remorselessly, that I often fancied her extreme particularity would wear out the coat before its time. Her husband was really handsome—not at all like the members of his family we meet in London; his eyes, bright and sparkling; his figure, good; his legs, straight. I should, however, say that his temper was both violent and obstinate; and he was by no means a good neighbour. Indeed, I have seen him purloin both fuel and food from a poor little family round the corner—and that in the absence of their parents. In this respect, his little plain wife was as bad as himself, for she received what he brought home with evident approbation. I was not as much astonished at this as I might have been had I not known the gipsy habits of the family for a number of years. They are pretty much the same in town and country; but those who reside in London are more obtrusive than their country cousins, and are by no means so fresh or well-looking. All the family have quick perceptions; they rapidly and certainly distinguish their friends from their foes; and I confess I have ever experienced a large share of their confidence. The little gentleman at Tenby soon perceived that I watched him and his, narrowly; he did not seek to evade observation, or take any precautions against it. I frequently met his wife (by the way, I do not think I have mentioned his name; it was *Sparrow*)—I frequently met Mrs Sparrow in the market. I knew her by her foot. I think that, at one time or other, this very estimable parent must have been in captivity—some boy had betrayed her unsuspecting innocence, and trapped her. Certainly her right foot was slightly deformed; and a bit of chain, about half an inch in length, dangled from her ankle; so she was easily distinguished from others of her family. She managed to evade all dangers in that crowded market with marvellous skill. Sometimes she would take possession of a morsel of meat; and once I saw her standing, like a coast-guardman on the look-out, on that marvellous erection, a Welshwoman's black hat, watching where she could seize upon 'something,' 'anything' to carry home.

You have discovered that our opposite neighbours were only a pair of sparrows, but I hope the discovery will not cause you to abandon them. I assure you they kept up my interest in them to the last. The little creatures had seized upon a fissure in the old gray tower, and converted it into a home; it directly faced our drawing-room window, was protected by the parapet, and was far above the reach of those amphibious Tenby boys, who prowled continually after fishes of the sea, and birds of the air.

How these boys escape drowning is a miracle. I saw one washed out to sea, screaming for help, and covered my eyes in an agony, when the scream died away, and was followed by a ringing peal of childish laughter. I looked again, and there was the urchin on the seething sand, cutting the most lively capers in mockery of the waves.

Those boys go scrambling over and over, and in and out of holes in these gray walls—now poised on one foot, then hanging from an ivy branch, or a weed, that looks hardly strong enough to support a daw, then rolling over and over until, convinced they must be dashed to pieces, you peep from over the top of the precipice just in time to see the human hedgehogs unroll and run off to the sea.

I was dreadfully afraid that one of these amphibibites would disturb the domestic felicity of my opposite

neighbours—and indeed the little creatures feared it themselves, for if they perceived a marauding boy in the meadow or on the cliffs, or if the black cat was sunning itself ever so innocently in the garden, Mr and Mrs Sparrow met on the parapet, and took council together, chattering, and jerking their tails; and more than once I saw them drop their young ones' food on one of the battlements, and fly away in different directions, because the eyes of a very overgrown boy were fixed upon them; they were determined not to pass their threshold while he kept watch and ward. The cat's appearance was announced by so peculiar a twitter, that I knew when she was in the garden without looking. Where they collected food, from half-past four in the morning until nine in the evening, I know not—they must have scoured the whole neighbourhood—and what was singular, the two never went in the same direction. If one went north, the other went south, and *vice versa*. They always parted with a 'twit,' a bird-like good-bye, and as the aperture would only admit one old bird at a time, one invariably waited until the other came out. If Mr Sparrow thought his wife remained too long inside, he would hang on one foot to a tiny piece of stonecrop which grew under their hall-door, and swing round and round like a toy-bird, but never letting go the food. She always remained double the time in the house that he did—he seemed simply to feed the young folks and fly away—but she had doubtless household duties to perform. As the days passed I saw the little soft bills of the young protruded, sometimes two at a time over the ledge, but this was certainly not approved of by the parents, at whose approach the bills vanished. The speculation they committed round the corner was 'lifting' sundry goods and chattels, bits of wool and moss, from, I think, a stonefinch's nest—apparently their own house was not sufficiently provided with bedding—and the stonefinches, perhaps disappointed in their first brood, had made ample provision for a second. At all events, the sparrows watched their opportunity, and when the finches deposited their goods, and set off to fetch more, one or other of the sparrows pounced in and bore off the prize, stuffing it into their own house as rapidly as possible. This singular conduct did not seem to have been discovered by the other birds, who continued to labour, literally for the sparrows, who looted what they required until their wants were satisfied.

As the young birds feathered, they grew bold, bobbing their heads out, and thrusting their shoulders up, bristling with stiff, stubby little feathers, to which the down still adhered—just as you see a dandelion, half puff, half bristles. Of course the boys saw them; they stood and gazed up, and tried to reach them with stones; but all in vain. Besides, the meadow belonged to a lady with a grand Welsh name, and a wonderfully extensive pedigree, and they had no business in the meadow—nevertheless they would creep in through a broken gate. A Tenby boy is not easily daunted; he perseveres where there is a prospect of mischief in a way that would excite the admiration even of a pickpocket.

One morning I had been as usual watching my opposite neighbours, observing how the little ones drew back into shelter, knowing, as it were intuitively, the approach of their parents, long before I could see them, when the servant of the house opened the drawing-room door.

'I beg pardon, ma'am; I thought you was out.'

'What did you want?'

'I wants a nothink; only Jimmy Cadwallader wants to have a try at taking a *nestie*, that he says is in the oul' tou'r; and he could get hur, he says, out'en winda'; hang over the tou'r, he says, and take hur easy.'

Jimmy Cadwallader was close behind, and I recognised him as the urchin who had been washed out to sea, and caused me more anxiety by his daring than all the Tenby boys put together. Of course, I read him a lecture on the iniquity of bird-nesting, and endeavoured to touch his feelings by asking him how he would like to be torn from his parents. I shall never forget his grin of delight.

'I'd be precious glad—they flaps me so, and keeps me to schooling.'

His broad sunburnt forehead overshadowed his little sparkling eyes; his head was surrounded by tufts of what looked like scorched grass; his nose was nothing, but his broad mouth turned up at the corners, so as to give his face the expression of a juvenile Momus. I told him he was a very bad boy.

He answered, with his dirty finger in his mouth, that 'everybody said that.'

I told him it was very likely that some day he would fall and perhaps break his neck and die, and what did he expect if he died in such wickedness.

The corners of his mouth ran up under his eyes, and he answered, 'Double lessons.'

I could not get on at all with my visitor, so said at last that he should not go near the tower; and if he made any attempt to take those young birds, I would have him punished.

He answered that 'he'd seen me watching at 'em many times; that he knew I wanted 'em, but I could never take 'em myself; but he'd gie me the *fouir* for "tupence," or "tue" for "nothink," if I'd let him have 'em.' There was something so Puck-like and comic in the little fellow's impertinence, that I forgot to be angry, but still lectured and reasoned with him; however, he did not heed a word I spoke, but looked round the room, his eyes returning to the prohibited window. When I had said all I could think of, he observed: 'Sure no one only a lady would think so much of a handful of sparas!'—and with an expression of supreme contempt on his absurd little round-about face, he stumbled out of the room. In less than ten minutes he was breast-high amid the wavelets that were frolicking on the sands, advancing one after the other, stealing on surely, but imperceptibly, so that in another hour I saw him scrambling up the rocks, while the wavelets, swollen into waves, dashed and foamed at their base.

As to my opposite neighbours—we left Tenby before their family were 'out,' although 'the season' was rapidly advancing. Had their nest been in a hedge, they would have permitted their young ones to try their strength amid the branches days before; but the undefined instinct which guided their comings and goings, which gave them such wonderful strength of wing, and taught them who were their friends and who their foes, prevented their suffering their offspring to leave the nest, as soon as they would have done had their home been differently situated: an unbroken fall from such a height would have been certain death. One young bird had achieved the parapet, and was loudly congratulated by his parents, and certainly that day they gave him double the food they gave the others, who gaped and twittered in vain. I watched the little fellow return to his dwelling in the evening, with some of his parents' anxiety. The three sat together on the parapet for several minutes, talking in their twittering fashion, and giving their heir-at-law sundry little pokes and shoves, the purpose of which intention could not be mistaken. He very frequently stretched his wings, and crouched, as if determined to make his spring; but his courage failed. I fancied the mother coaxed, and the father scolded; then the young bird sidled along the wall, and crept down a little way—one of the old birds fluttering round—but evidently it would not do: he could not reach the nest after that fashion; so looking very grave, he

crept back again, and sat a little longer on the parapet—the old lady flying backward and forward, to shew him how easy it was. At last, he darted forward, and achieved his object. I fancied he tumbled headlong over the domestic hearth, for his arrival caused a terrible uproar, the old birds talking loudly all the time; but this soon subsided; though long after the moon had risen, as I watched the distant sea, far, far out, I could hear little murmurs from my opposite neighbours, as if they lacked room, like children who had outgrown their cots. Although they were 'nothink but sparas,' I know that observing their movements increased my reverence for HIM who implanted so much forethought and tenderness in little birds!

FRANCIS VON GAUDY.

THIS man is dead now, but he has left us his works, and his name is of high standing amongst the German authors of this century. His writings are not only translated into English, but into many another language; and many are the hearts that have been gladdened by his sparkling wit, and by the noble strain of his high thoughts. On the 9th of February 1840, they buried him in the Dorotheen cemetery at Berlin; and the epitaph underneath a simple vase, with a marble laurel-wreath at top, overshadowed by the drooping branches of a weeping willow, tells us where to look for the mortal remains of Francis von Gaudy. As to his soul, it is with us still, in the works he has left us. '*Son cœur est ici, mais son âme est partout.*'

Poetry and soldiership being ill matched, it is not to be wondered at that Francis von Gaudy, who undoubtedly was a good poet, was a very bad soldier. He might have made a good one in time of war, for nothing could ever daunt his courage; but, unfortunately for him, after the battle of Waterloo, there was no more war in Europe. In time of peace, however, the qualifications by which the denomination of a 'good soldier' is earned are vastly different from those which are required in war-time, and Francis von Gaudy could lay no claim to their proprietorship. To follow, year after year, the same old beaten path, to submit to the drudgery and annoyance of absolute subordination, resigning the very shadow of independence, even to the freedom of thought itself—were demands he found but little to his liking.

No wonder, therefore, that he soon got tired of the eminent situation of a lieutenant in his majesty the king of Prussia's 46th infantry, and that he discharged the important duties attached thereto with a heavy heart and a growing impatience.

As it happened, however, that he was not rich, and that his pay as an officer constituted chiefly his means of subsistence, he was forced to hold out for many a weary year, in spite of his reluctance, till at last the event occurred described in the following narrative, which induced him to throw up his commission at all hazards.

German officers are subjected to this kind of control exercised by the commander of their regiment; he is bound to transmit annually to the superior authority a certain minute report concerning the general conduct, the character, and the qualities of each of his subaltern officers. These reports—characteristics, as they are called—exerting of course much influence on the further advancement of the criticised individual,

are a matter of no small annoyance to the officers, and the more so, that they are always kept secret.

Now, from what we have already stated with respect to our poet, it was likely that his annual characteristic should contain certain appendices which were but little adapted to favour his prospects in the military career. Indeed, the general commanding the division had been somewhat surprised to find, every year, over and over again, the same passage repeated in the aforesaid document, asserting that Francis von Gaudy, though an amiable companion in society, and a thorough gentleman, was a very bad officer, who cared but little for the benefit of the service.

The general, a man of mild temper and easy habits, whose maxim was, to live and let live, had been indulgent for some years, hoping perhaps that the transgressor might improve; but when the same passage, couched in the same terms, was again repeated with such remarkable obstinacy for the fifth time, he began to think that there was little chance of such an event, and resolved to interfere at the first convenient moment.

The regiment to which our hero was attached was garrisoned in a small country town in Silesia, and the general commanding the division had to inspect it once every year. It was therefore for his next visit that he reserved an investigation of the matter by sounding personally the careless warrior and thorough gentleman.

Early on an autumn morning in the year 1835, the small country town of Brieg, in the Prussian province of Silesia, wore a very active and lively aspect. Adjutants and other mounted functionaries, all looking very consequential, were seen galloping up and down the streets, though without any very appreciable reason. Drums were beaten, signal-horns and trumpets sounded through the town, inquisitive crowds of sympathising people, intermixed with numerous female amateurs of the military profession, floated up and down the streets, or crowded round the entrance of the barracks, full of expectation of the coming spectacle.

At last the barrack-gates were thrown open, and out marched, preceded by the band, the gallant 46th, in full gala-dress, with its colours fluttering, and its band playing the Prussian hymn; all glitter and brightness—a magnificent spectacle, which could not fail to elicit loud cheers from the enthusiastic population of the country town. The colonel, who rode at the head of his regiment, appeared utterly unmoved by this display of friendly and loyal feelings on the part of the civilians, male and female, and only looked exceedingly grave and dignified. It was a highly important day; in fact, the most important of the year, and looked for with no small excitement, especially by himself: his men had to pass in review before the general commanding the division.

The regiment marched through the town, and took the road to the parade-ground, followed by a large train of civil enthusiasts. When it had reached its place of destination, it was drawn up in file; and by means of much swearing on the part of the colonel, whose excitement went on increasing proportionally to the approach of the decisive moment, everything was soon made ready for the reception of the superior officer.

The general had sent word that his arrival would not take place before eleven o'clock in the morning; it was therefore only a matter of course that the regiment was held in readiness by the colonel at eight o'clock A.M.; a kind of punctuality—very

common in the profession, by the way—which not only delivered him from any apprehension of delay or neglect, but which, at the same time, gave his inferiors a useful lesson in the art of patience and waiting.

At last, when the sun was about half an hour from the summit of the arch of noon, and the greater part of the civil enthusiasts had lost patience and gone home, a dense cloud of dust, whirling up from the highway, announced the approach of the general's carriage. A few minutes afterwards, he was seen alighting with the officers of his staff, mounting on horseback, and galloping straight towards the middle of the regiment.

'Present arms!' The muskets clattered, the band fell in with the solemn tune prescribed for the occasion, and the colonel's heart beat very fast.

The general rode along the front of the regiment, accompanied by the colonel, to whom he was heard to address a few questions now and then. When they reached the spot where Lieutenant Gaudy stood motionless before the middle of his platoon, with his sabre lowered in military salute, the colonel was seen whispering a few words into the general's ear, who forthwith threw a searching glance of evil foreboding at our hero.

When this first muster was over, the regiment was urged by the colonel through a numberless variety of evolutions, all of which were intended to strike awe and terror in the ranks of some imaginary enemy, but which, in reality, had no other effect than to render the men much fatigued, and the colonel very hoarse.

These practical exercises being gone through, the regiment was formed into an open square, the arms were piled, the general and the other mounted officers alighted, and it became the turn of the theoretical department to undergo a similar investigation.

In Germany, instruction in the various branches of military service is given to the men by the commissioned officers themselves, who are consequently personally responsible for the state of intellectual education in their respective companies.

'Who is the officer intrusted with the instruction of the fourth company of the second battalion?' asked the general.

The question was a mere formality, the colonel having previously favoured him with the desired information.

Lieutenant Gaudy stepped out of the ranks, and saluting the commanding-officer, avowed that he was the person to whom this important affair had been confided.

The general glanced at him in a manner by no means very affectionate. 'I wish you, sir,' said he after a pause, speaking very slowly, and with an intentional accentuation in his voice that did not escape the notice of our hero—'I wish you to examine the men in the different branches of instruction in which you have educated them, so that I may be able to convince myself whether the tuition has produced a good effect.'

Our poet knew at once what the meaning of all this was. The request, though entirely in harmony with the general's visit, was nevertheless rather unusual and obsolete, and could scarcely be proposed without a particular reason, which was made the more obvious by the fact that the general was well known to be no friend whatever to such proceedings, and especially, as in this case, before dinner.

The accumulated bitterness of many a year, ardently suppressed till then, was about to give vent, and to break through the bonds so long hated and despised by our friend. He knew that, whatever the result of the examination might be, he could not escape a public rebuke if the general had made up

his mind to find fault with him; and he resolved, therefore, to anticipate him, and to bring on the catastrophe himself.

Saluting the commanding-officer once more, he asked respectfully in what particular branch of knowledge he was to examine the men; whether in tactics, military deportment, nomenclature, regulation of service, science of arms, and so on.

He might do as he pleased; the general had no wish to restrict him to one particular subject only; he was at liberty to select his theme.

The company was marched into the middle of the square; the general, the colonel, and the rest of the officers of the regiment drew near to attend to the spectacle. When everything was in readiness, the general touched his hat with his right hand, in token that he was waiting for matters to begin.

Lieutenant Gaudy stepped up to the file-leader of his company, and asked him in a loud voice what was the greatest vice which a soldier could indulge in. 'Drunkenness!' answered the man without hesitation.

'What is the name of the commanding-officer of your company?' he went on, addressing the next man.

'Captain von Rüdesheim!' was the immediate answer.

On the faces of the ensigns, something like a suppressed smile became visible. The captain, whose partiality towards the bottle was proverbial in the whole regiment, tried to look unconcerned.

'Which is the next vice most blamable in a soldier?' was the following question, addressed to the third man.

'Gambling!'

'Who is the commanding-officer of the second battalion of the 46th infantry?'

'Major Charles Pharo,' answered the man with praiseworthy accuracy.

The hilarity of the ensigns became somewhat irrepressible, although they strove hard to conceal it. The major, who presided over a certain club which was in the habit of sitting, with locked doors, twice a week, seemed by no means well pleased at hearing his name thus mentioned. The colonel looked very grave. With regard to the general, it was impossible to say whether he felt annoyed or amused at these singular questions; his countenance remained utterly impassive.

'Who was the inventor of gunpowder?*' This next question, started in a very abrupt manner, was addressed by our hero to a square-built man, with a cocked-up nose, who was apparently not prepared for a quick reply, and who looked somewhat perplexed and exceedingly stupid.

'Be quick!' urged the examiner.

The man seemed to reflect. He was turning over in his mind the answers given by his comrades; and finding that the 'captain' and the 'major' had already been approved of, he reasoned that it must needs be now the turn of the colonel. Happy to have arrived at this logical conclusion, he replied with much self-satisfaction, 'Colonel Duncie!'

'You are mistaken, my friend,' said the officer with earnestness. 'That is the name of the commanding-officer of your regiment; but he is not the man that has invented the gunpowder.'

This question was the last. The general, beginning to have some apprehension of his own turn coming next, made a sign to stop the proceedings.

On the following morning, Francis von Gaudy, the lieutenant, was given to understand that he had better

apply for his discharge, as otherwise it might come to pass that the same would be forwarded to him without his intervention. He did so accordingly, and henceforth was known only as Francis von Gaudy, the poet.

THE BONE-CAVES OF GOWER.

Few of my readers, I fancy, have not visited a cave at some time or other of their lives, and still fewer ever went into one without experiencing a good deal of curiosity, or perhaps some slight fear. There is always a certain amount of mystery in the narrow entrance and deep gloom of the interior—a mystery which must be considerably enhanced on the first discovery and exploration of a place never before trodden by man. Our ancestors, under such circumstances, would probably have been afraid of encountering something worse than 'loathed Melancholy, in Stygian cave forlorn, 'mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy,' and would expect to find them the resort of warlocks and witches; but we, being better educated, visit them with a determination to find, not their present, but their former inhabitants.

Caves are nearly always found in the same formation—that of the mountain limestone, which is the lowest member of the carboniferous group, and one which is generally associated with the most broken and romantic scenery in Great Britain; the reason being, that in geological times, ages and ages ago, these rocks have been thrown up to considerable heights by repeated convulsions, so as to be exposed to the after-effects of water and the atmosphere. As examples of this, we may mention the localities of Matlock and the Peak, Clifton, Cheddar and the Mendip Hills, which are familiar to every English tourist. The geologist, however, interesting as the subject of caverns is, from the many changes and theories involved in their formation, has another point to determine in his examination—and that is, to see whether there were any, and if so, what inhabitants tenanted them in past ages—a subject of intense interest, as it throws light on extinct races of animals as compared with those existing now, and also on the conditions of the countries in which the cave-animals lived. Several bone-caves have now been discovered, and their contents exhumed and brought to light; the largest being those of Banwell in Somersetshire, Kirkdale in Yorkshire, and Oreston and Brixham in Devonshire; the latter, very recently explored, was the subject of a paper by Mr Pengelly at the late meeting of the British Association at Leeds. Probably, however, there is no district in the whole country where there are so many caves within a short distance of each other as in Gower, which is a peninsula on the western coast of Glamorganshire, surrounded on all sides but one by the waters of the Bristol Channel and the estuary of the Burry River. Seaward, it is ironbound by lofty limestone cliffs, affording some of the finest coast-scenery in England; but on the Burry side it is flat, marshy, and comparatively uninteresting. They who like a thoroughly good excursion, will be much pleased with Gower, for there is ample entertainment for the geologist, antiquary, and artist—the whole peninsula teeming with relics of the past, in the shape of ruined castles and Druidical remains, not to mention those older relics entombed in the rocks around, compared with which those of the human era are as a drop of water in the ocean of time. Although Gower is in Wales, the natives are anything but Welsh, having descended from a band of Flemings who were imported by Henry I., to occupy the ground which was so constantly the scene of dispute by the Welsh and the Normans. Ever since that time, their posterity has occupied the peninsula,

* A proverbial saying in Germany. 'He has not invented the gunpowder,' means as much as 'He is no great luminary,' or as we say, 'He will never set the Thames on fire.'

to a certain extent keeping intact and aloof from their Welsh neighbours. As a consequence, the language spoken is altogether English, of a peculiarly pure and somewhat old-fashioned character, containing many words that one would scarcely expect to find in use save amongst the upper classes.

But we must get on to our caves, though much that is interesting might be told of this primitive district. Swansea—the nearest town to our destination—is, strictly speaking, itself in Gower, but a walk of some eight miles is requisite before we reach that part of the coast on which the first cave, the Bacon Hole, is situated. Neither this nor any of the others are easy to find, and indeed a stranger to the locality will waste many precious hours, perhaps, before he has succeeded in making out the path, as the cliffs are exceedingly precipitous, and the mouths of the caves all face the sea. The Bacon Hole was opened in the year 1850, and measures taken for the thorough exploration and removal of the bone-deposits found there, great care being required in the latter object, owing to the crumbling away of the bones when exposed to the air. An excellent paper on the subject was written at the time by Mr Starling Benson, of Swansea, and afterwards published in the Transactions of the South Wales Institution. The entrance of the cave—which is about thirty feet above the level of high-water—has the roof, of solid limestone, projecting beyond the stalagmite floor, which gradually slopes from the exterior towards the inner portion, where the roof suddenly rises to twenty feet, masses of stalactite almost connecting the two. Perhaps some of my readers may not be aware of the difference between stalactite and stalagmite, though the former now is common enough in the descriptions of the Derbyshire caves. A stalactite is the separation of some earthy matter—very generally carbonate of lime—from solution by water, and its solidifying when in the act of dropping. A stalagmite is the same material spread out over the surface, the drops having fallen. The floor of the cave, then, was excavated for a depth of eight or nine feet, cutting through the layers of stalagmite, limestone breccia, and deposits of cave-earth and sand, until the floor of solid limestone was reached; and the following remains were found at successive intervals through the whole distance. Immediately resting on the limestone was a layer of stalagmite and sand, containing sea-shells—but few in number—with bones of birds and water-rats; proving that at the first commencement, the cave was on a level with, or below, the water's edge, and that the mollusca which inhabited the shells had actually swum over the floor. The question will probably be asked, how, then, are they found thirty feet above the water? And the reason is this, that, at some subsequent period, the whole line of coast was elevated to this height—a wonderful change, which, however, is very familiar to the geologist, and by help of which he solves many a difficult problem. In the layer of black sand above these shells and bird-remains, bones were found of the gigantic mammoth, the size of which would be almost incredible, were they not there to speak for themselves; indeed, a portion of a tusk was carried away, which must have measured twelve feet in length. The mammoth, or *Elephas primigenius*, an extinct species of the family of Elephant, has been found in a state of remarkable preservation, particularly in Siberia, where a specimen was exposed in an ice-cliff, which proved to be twelve feet high and sixteen feet in length—not only the skeleton, but actually the flesh and skin being tolerably fresh, owing to the nature of the refrigerator in which it was enclosed.

In the Bacon Hole, a nearly perfect skeleton was exhumed, though with the bones considerably dis-

placed. Above them, in the next layer, were further remains of the same animal, mingled with those of rhinoceros, hyæna, wolf, bear, ox, and deer, succeeded by a considerable thickness of limestone breccia—or unworn fragments of rock—cemented by stalagmite. At the surface was a layer of black mud, containing recent shells—brought in by birds—and bones of ox, roebuck, fox, and red-deer, together with some species of ancient British pottery. What a history is here written, from the far-distant time when the floor of the cave had not even appeared above the water! What successive races of animals used this cavern as a retreat, before man made his appearance! The mammoth-bones may have drifted in; but it is more probable, from the perfect state of the bones, that it had lived and died there. Coeval with it were the carnivorous animals, which most likely brought in many of the bones of the ox and deer, although, in some of the caves in England, the antlers of the latter have been found regularly shed, proving that they must have lived there. Finally, we have the recent shells, bones of animals still in existence in this country, and traces of man; so that this narrow layer of mud at the surface may represent the human era. Notwithstanding the long period which must have elapsed for all this to take place, so enormous is the time that geologists have to account for, that even the history of this cave is considered recent.

Other bones somewhat similar were found in the Mitchin Hole, about half a mile to the eastward; but the most interesting and best known caves are at Paviland, near the promontory of the Worm's Head. The worst point about them is their difficulty of access, for low-water at spring-tides is the only time at which anybody can approach them by land with anything like safety: there certainly is a path over the cliff, but only fit for a sailor or a monkey. These caves have been known to the geological world for a good many years, and were visited by Dr Buckland, who published an account of them in his *Reliquiæ Diluvianæ*. The antiquary will share the interest with the geologist, for, in addition to the animal remains, human relics were found, in the shape of bones, articles of ornament, and coins of the reign of Constantius—all of them from the larger of the two, the Goat's Hole, in which the floor ascends, and is covered with diluvial loam, mixed with fragments of limestone and spar, recent shells, and teeth of elephant, rhinoceros, bear, hyæna, wolf, fox, horse, ox, deer, sheep, rats, birds, and fragments of charcoal. The recent shells and bones of birds were most plentiful in the interior extremity, and the material in which they lay was earth cemented by stalagmite. The skeleton was that of a woman, the bones stained dark red, and covered with a coating of ruddle coloured by red oxide of iron. On the cliff, immediately above the cave, are traces of a British camp, with which doubtless the skeleton has some connection. In the second hole, a little distance off, were more bones; and from the position of the opening with regard to the other, Dr Buckland conjectured that the two were once united, but that the action of the waves has long since washed away the main cavern, and left only the respective passages at the end. Here is an instance of the power of denudation, a force which, even more than elevation, has contributed to the present configuration of the crust of the earth, and one which even now is constantly altering the coast-lines of this very county.

The last bone-cave on our list is a few miles from Paviland, at Spritesail Tor, near Llanmadock, a village on the other side of the peninsula, in which remains of rhinoceros, hyænas, and horses were found, the latter appearing to be plentiful both here and at Paviland, but very scarce in the Bacon Hole. Here, then,

in a coast-line of about fifteen miles, are five bone-caves, affording work and speculation enough to the geologist. As they are all about the same level above the sea, it is probable that they were all raised at the same time; and as an additional proof of this, the blocks of limestone at the same height on the sides of the cliffs at Caswell Bay, between the Bacon Hole and Swansea, are all deeply water-marked, shewing evident signs of having been exposed to the same wave-action that is now going on below them. The question may be asked, why Gower appears to be so much more prolific in caves than other limestone districts? There is no reason for supposing that it is so, as I imagine that it is solely to the denuding powers of the sea that we are indebted for the discovery of these; and it is more than probable that many such have disappeared altogether under the influence of this long-continued action. It is a very suggestive fact, that on the opposite sides of the Bristol Channel are also caves in the same mountain-limestone formation, and with pretty much the same deposits of animal remains. It is likely enough that these were all united at one time or other without the interposition of the Bristol Channel, which, compared with the age of these rocks, is a very recent intruder. How wonderful are the speculations which such facts as have been detailed in this article necessarily suggest to the thinking mind, that the reflections about a bone should bring in their track theories involving changes throughout the whole world. Well might David say: 'Verily, what is man, that thou art mindful of him?'

THE DOUBLE WIDOWHOOD.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

It was eight o'clock of an evening towards the end of July—a July long, long ago. The sun was sending in his westerling rays at the windows of a substantial-looking house, the country residence of a professional gentleman, whose head-quarters were in Edinburgh. It was known as Clydevie View, and the locality in which it stood was somewhat famed.

From the era of creation, the river that ran by it had come quietly on, as if gathering its strength, and hushing its breath for the wild and desperate leap it took with a roar as of life and consciousness. For six thousand years, the trees of the forest had shed their annual glory of leaves by its brink. On calm days, the leaves would fall gently on the bits of foam, eddying about the edges of the dark waters; but when a storm came, they would be swept, branches and all, down to the very bosom of the Atlantic.

By the side of this river painted savages had stood and sharpened their arrows of flint; but at the times of which we write, parties of ladies and gentlemen came, with camp-stools, parasols, and wide-awakes, and while they ate sandwiches, said how 'nice' it was—instead. Some, further gone than others in literature and the fine arts, quoted Byron on the cataract of Velino, and said it would be a fine subject for so-and-so's pencil; and some looked and said nothing. In the presence of natural grandeur and beauty, silent homage is always grateful, and charity demands that the best construction be put upon it. This neighbourhood had also, in modern times, been the scene of one of those experiments which benevolent and well-meaning men, who want a short-cut to universal happiness, have sometimes tried, and always failed in. But we have not to do with Utopian theories at present. As has been said, the evening sun was

looking in at the windows of Clydevie View. The drawing-room fronted the west, and the blinds were all down. There was not much to see inside; merely a well-furnished apartment, and a lady lying on a sofa reading—reading only to pass time till her husband came home, and not so much occupied but she could say to herself: 'I wonder if the children are in bed yet. What can Miller want out again to-night for?' Having lost the sense of the last paragraph, she went back upon it, and by the time she got to the foot of the page, being in a comfortable position, and the hush of evening coming on, both inside and out, she fell into a gentle doze. Meantime, the children were all in bed. Jeanie Miller, or 'Miller,' as Mrs Black, since she had been rising in the world, called her children's nurse, had heard them lisp their evening-prayer, and received the last sweet kiss, wondering, in her simplicity, that Mrs Black did not like to do this office for her children herself. If her mistress could have penetrated her thought, she would have answered thus: 'Miller, as a mother, I might wish to do it occasionally, but my engagements put it out of my power.' So Mrs Black keeps her engagements, and loses her children, for by the time they can compete with mamma's engagements, they will be young ladies and gentlemen.

It must be acknowledged that, on this particular evening, Miller rather hurried the ceremony—she had an engagement too—and she moved about on tiptoe, putting on her bonnet and shawl before all the weary little creatures had fairly closed their eyelids; but down they went at last, in the sleep of childhood, and a regiment might have marched through the room without awaking the little sleepers.

The moment they were safe and sound, she hastened from the house, and striking across the fields, made for the corner of a fir-plantation, where, for nearly half an hour, a young man had been hanging about very impatient. For no other person would he have waited so long, and he was anything but pleased at having to wait for this one. He had walked back and forward, and scanned the earth and sky, and decided that all the gates about needed painting, and thought many other things better and worse, before Jeanie came in sight.

Now, although she had been running, and knew she was behind her time, no sooner did she see George Armour, than, from whatever cause, she took to walking in a very slow and deliberate manner. We have it on the authority of Mr Milton, that when Eve saw Adam, she slackened her pace; and we have all, men and women, remnants of the Garden of Eden hanging about us to this day.

'You're late, Jeanie,' was the greeting of her lover.

'I came as soon as I could,' she replied; and arm-in-arm they turned into the shady path up the water-side.

When Mr Black came in, his wife roused herself, and after ascertaining that there was nothing of much interest taking place in the city, she said: 'Miller asked out again to-night—the second time this week. She didn't use to take up with any of the people about. Next time she asks out, I will consider it proper to question her.'

'Couldn't you guess, Mary, what her errand is?'

'Guess! If she were a light-headed creature, I might guess it was some love-affair.'

'And not be far wrong. We're all light-headed some time, you know. As I came up, I saw her walking with one of the painters who were here in spring—the one that did the ornamental work.'

'That was the man I remember remarking for his good looks. Is it possible she can be thinking of marrying?'

'Shouldn't wonder—it's curious what notions people take.'

'Curious! I call it ungrateful. Here did I take her into our nursery, a poor orphan girl, and have kept her for six years. She suits me exactly—speaks well, and has no vulgar tricks or words; and she has taught the children to read almost as well as I could have done myself. They like her, and she likes them. Surely she does not know when she is well off.'

'I'm sorry you are losing her: I'll give her a gown, and you can give her some crockery.'

'If she is going, one thing will be quite enough, Robert.'

'Now, Mary, on your own showing, I think we are bound to be a little grateful.'

'She has had a very good place of it here, Robert, and there is no need for overdoing a thing. I wish I knew where to get one in her stead. It really is provoking!'

Nevertheless, be it recorded, Jeanie got her gown and her cups and saucers, and something more, when she left Clydeview Villa to become George Armour's wife, and was much and justly regretted by all the household.

It was a fair sight to see this young couple. Not that Jeanie had much to boast of in the way of good looks; on the contrary, George's choice had been matter of surprise to their joint feminine acquaintance. What did he see about her? What he saw, we can't say; but what was to be seen was an open honest face, expressive of good sense and feeling, and a general air of determination. As for George, no one needed to glance twice at him without being struck by his really handsome face and form: so far as those were concerned, all the blood of all the Howards might have coursed in his veins. When we throw into the scale the fact, that he was sober and industrious, and a capital workman—not to mention that he had saved money—the general remarks on Jeanie's wonderful good-fortune are accounted for. In a small house, furnished with things new and neat, and having a morsel of garden in front like a dainty apron tied on, there they were, these two, with youth and health, and the probability of a long and happy life before them.

It is an old saying—very old, probably, and true to the letter—that it is not all gold that glitters. Jeanie had not been very long married when she began to say to herself: 'I am happy—very happy; I have everything to make me so.' Now, it is to be observed that when people keep assuring themselves that they are happy, and further, when they repeat the statement to others—which, however, Jeanie did not do—there is reason to suspect some flaw, something wanting. A man in the pure air does not say: 'I breathe, I breathe exceedingly well; I have oxygen and nitrogen, and carbonic acid—what more can I want?' He goes about with his lungs inflated, and his blood purified and enriched, and his spirit buoyant; he does not need to tell that he has pure air—the thing is evident. What was it? Nothing very tangible, nothing that the young wife acknowledged to herself. But 'over all there hung the shadow of a fear.' A little boy came: his father took to the child, and the shadow waned for a time. In the fullness of her heart, the mother decked her baby daintily. For the first time, George charged his wife with extravagance. Her face grew white as she answered: 'They cost me nothing. Mrs Black gave me the things, and I altered them to fit Georgy.' 'That may be, but mind I'm no the man to keep up the like o' that.'

If there was a thrifty, economical housewife in the country, it was Jeanie Armour; but she could not be thrifty enough for her husband's taste. It was an unnatural thing in one so young, this overweening propensity to save. It struck a chill to the very heart of his wife, although she tried to persuade

herself that it was far better than if he had gone to an opposite extreme.

She reasoned with him; but George was one of those persons—Heaven help those who have to deal with such—upon whom reasoning has just as much effect as if addressed to the wind. She tried joking on the subject, and here he was more vulnerable, and consequently received it in a way that effectually prevented its repetition. She often wondered what he did with the money saved, but was afraid to ask.

Thus you see poor Jeanie, while still believed to be a most fortunate woman, and putting a brave face on things externally, found that she was indeed unequally yoked. Perhaps George found this, too, for he began to stay out at nights with society more congenial to him, and came in generally flushed with drinking. His wife took no further notice of this than to attempt, in a quiet, gentle way, to induce him to stay at home. Neighbours began to speak; some of them told her where George spent his nights, and, as she said afterwards to a friend: 'I had tried the fair way wi' him, and I thought o' trying the flying; but thankfu' was I that I hadna, for I had naething to reproach mysel' wi' after.'

It was one morning, when her second child, a girl, was about six months old, that George went out as usual to his work: no look or action, not the slightest, denoted that he crossed his threshold with other purpose than going to his ordinary employment. The little boy was playing about the door as he went out, and cried 'Father!' after him. If he did hear that cry, he heard as if he heard it not—let us hope it did not reach him. The child went in for comfort to the source where he always found it—his mother; and she soothed him by saying that his father was in too great a hurry to speak to him now, but he would hear all he had to say at dinner-time; then, propping the baby in a chair, and setting the other to amuse her, she went about her usual household work, dropping a word and a smile upon them every few minutes. Punctual to the time, dinner was ready, well cooked and comfortable. A quarter past the hour, and George did not come; half-past, and there was no appearance of him. She gave the children their dinner, and waited another half-hour. He must have been detained—such a thing had happened before, and she did not feel surprised or uneasy; so clearing away the things, she sat down to her sewing, with the little ones playing on the floor beside her. It was just the old employment at Clydeview Villa over again; and a stranger coming in would have said what a pretty picture the room presented; but any one who had known Jeanie then, and seen her now, would have observed a change. She was still young, but the roundness of youth had passed from her features, and its light buoyancy from her step. Three years of half-life under a kind of pressure acutely felt, though not just apparent on the surface, had taken effect. She sat thinking, as she worked, how her husband's passion for saving, and his rapidly developing taste for drinking, would co-exist. What could she do or say?—what could be done to break the spell of these terrible vices, before his very being was crusted over against every good influence?

Evening came, and no word of him; night, and still nothing of him. The children were laid to rest, and, poor things, slept wholly unconscious of their father's wickedness or their mother's care. Well it has been said, 'Heaven lies about us in our infancy.'

The solitary woman sat down behind the little curtain that shaded the window; she would have lifted it, but that she did not wish to attract the attention of passers-by. The window looked out on the high road that passed through the village, and as there were no houses opposite, she could see over the hedge that bounded the small garden into the fields

beyond. It was a calm summer night, or rather, it seemed that the day lingered and lingered to meet the morning. With eyes glued to the glass, and ears painfully stretched, she listened to the stillness, which was deep, except when footsteps, echoing on the beaten road, would come on, pass, and die away in the distance. Towards the small hours these ceased entirely, and the silence was unbroken, except now and then when the corn-crake sounded its ricket from the opposite fields. Still she watched. The gray dawn of morning came on calmly and holily, filling the mind with awe, like the dim religious light of a vast cathedral, till the sun rose and threw the elements of gladness over the land. Smoke began to curl up from a house here and there, and early workers turned out to begin their daily labours, and still the weary woman sat on, one conjecture after another thronging through her mind, but no guess of the truth for an instant coming across her. Now the faint whimper of the baby drew her from the window, and she soothed it to quietness, and listened again, for momentarily she expected some one to enter with tidings of calamity. She prepared breakfast for the children, moving as softly as if she had been stealing, for she grudged every sound that interfered with the intense watch she was keeping. By ten o'clock, she could stand it no longer. She dressed herself, and leaving Georgy to play about the doors, took the infant, and went to her husband's master to inquire about him. When Mr Brown heard her question, he looked surprised. 'Mrs Armour,' he said, 'your husband left my employment yesterday morning: he drew all his money which was in my hands. He is,' he continued, in a tone meant to convey some kind of comfort—'he is a saving, industrious man. It amounted to £49, 16s. 6d.'

Jeanie, with her habitual prudence, controlled her feelings, and thanking him for his information, went hurriedly home. Could it be that he had deserted her and the children? It looked like it. She formed her resolution. All the money she had was exactly ninespence. She went to a neighbour, and saying that she had to go to Edinburgh, asked her to take care of the little boy till she came back, and at the same time she borrowed a shilling. With 1s. 9d. in her pocket, and her infant in her arms, she set out in quest of her husband.

Very fast she walked—excitement carried her on; and when she was more than half-way, a coach coming up, she paid 1s. 9d., and made the rest of her journey on the outside of it.

Arrived in Edinburgh, she went right to the shop of a decent man with whom she was acquainted, and whose kindly nature induced her to go to him in her present strait. She had no relatives in the city—indeed, she had but few anywhere, so she was constrained to rely on the good offices of an acquaintance.

'Mrs Armour, how's a' wi' ye, an' how's the gudeman? I'm glad to see ye, woman.'

This greeting nearly upset Jeanie, who requested a private word with Mr Boyd, and in a few sentences explained her errand.

'Ye dinna say sae—the sound— But it's no possible.'

'That's what I think, Mr Boyd, and I am glad to hear you say it; but what can it mean?'

'That's what we maun try an' find out. I'll step away down to Leith, an' see if there's ony word o' him there. If he's leaving the country, it's as like he wad tak ship there as anywhere.'

So, leaving his shop in charge of his shopman, he took Mrs Armour up stairs, and put her under his wife's care, telling her to keep her mind easy till he came back—an advice more easily given than taken in the circumstances; however, it was a relief to have taken a decided step towards solving the

mystery; and the kindness of Mrs Boyd was very soothing, while she got the rest and refreshment she was so much in need of.

Before Mr Boyd came back, she was on the watch for him; and catching a glimpse of his face as he crossed the street, she gathered no good news from it. When he entered the room, he looked everywhere but into Jeanie's face: he was at a loss how to convey the information he had got.

'Now, Mrs Armour,' he began, 'keep up your heart; we've a' our trials; an', after a', it's no sae bad as it might hae been. Ye'll do fine your lane; an' ye'll no want freends.'

She rose, and grasping his arm, said: 'Did you see him? For any sake, what is it? Is he dead?'

'No; he sailed this morning for America.'

All colour went from her face; she pressed the infant closer to her, and murmured: 'Left us—left us!' and one or two big tears fell on its face. As for Mr Boyd, he went down stairs and relieved himself by calling George Armour no end of ill names.

CHAPTER II.

If Jeanie had been a fine lady with ample means, her feelings would not have been more acute; but she would have had nothing to turn the stream, or to prevent her from nursing her anguish. As it was, alongside the one fact that stood out before her—her husband's desertion of herself and children—was the question, how were they to live? When a great sorrow is intruded upon by a great call for exertion, the healing process is well begun.

If things could be seen in their true light, the poor have oftener less reason to envy the rich than is supposed. Next day Mrs Armour took her way home, comforted by the kindness of her friends, and with money—which she had accepted as a loan—sufficient for her immediate wants.

Mrs Armour had two second-cousins residing in Glasgow—elderly maiden ladies, differing a good deal in character and disposition, but alike in this, that they had both little independent incomes; both lived in cozy flats; each had a narrow circle of her own, segments of which frequently met at five o'clock teas and nine o'clock suppers.

One of these ladies had loved and lost, which, the poet says, is better than never to have loved at all—the case of the other. The latter had been born, had lived, and was likely to die, in the same house. Twice a week she had read the same newspaper all her life, and always read first that list of events, the middle one of which she herself had missed.

The former had 'gone through' a good deal; had struggled with poverty; had, as has been said, loved and lost; and we think it depends upon the way in which such a loss comes about, whether it is better than never to have loved at all. Hers had not been effected by the hand of death, which at once and for ever hallows all it touches.

Well, very soon—for bad news travels fast—these ladies heard of Jeanie Armour's calamity, and met to lay their heads together as to what was to be done. Both expressed a high degree of indignation against George Armour. Both said with emphasis that men in general were very far from being what they ought to be. The one said she had never seen the man to whom she could intrust herself and her property; the other said, women were so ready to be deceived, poor things (with a sigh), and to believe all the fair speeches made to them. After mature deliberation, they came to the conclusion of offering their young relative £10 a year each—which, in addition to anything she might do for herself, would, they thought, make her pretty comfortable. And so it would. Very kind of them it was, for they were not

quite in a position to make it an act of no self-denial. One of them was appointed a deputation to wait on Mrs Armour, and explain to her a clause attached to the terms of the donation, which they regarded as of the last importance. The one who had 'known trials' cheerfully undertook the commission, although it was something of an exertion, and even of an event, in those days to travel so far. However, she reached her destination without accident or adventure; and she had not been long with her relative before the two women sat down and had a good cry. Then Miss Elder took courage, and explained her errand. She could have felt in her heart to give the money unconditionally, but then what would Miss Bogle say? Besides, it would be foolish, and there was no doubt it was for Jeanie's good.

'Jeanie,' said she, 'we will give you twenty pounds a year, if you will promise never to have anything more to do with George Armour.'

At first, Jeanie had almost been driven blind and stupid by her husband's desertion; the very mid-summer green of the trees and grass seemed turned to blackness; but the necessity of getting through her daily work, and of planning for the future, and the consideration of her husband's great cruelty, in leaving them to doubt, and anxiety, and destitution, without a word or a sign, brought about so strong a reaction, that sometimes she thought that such a man was not worth grieving after. In this mood of mingled pride and indignation, she readily gave the promise which the ladies required; and Miss Elder went home to rejoice Miss Bogle with the account that their cousin's eyes were opened to see things in a right way. But for all this, Jeanie could not unsex herself, and the original tenderness often returned and overflowed in tears.

The story let loose in the village, flashed through its houses and shops, its smithy and post-office—nay, even its manse and its hall, in a way that might have made the electric telegraph, had it then been in existence, blush for its deliberation.

The amount of pity that was expressed for Mrs Armour was great, but it fructified in a way which shewed that the blossom must have encountered frost in the setting. In a day or two, people had ceased even to speak about it; and Mrs Armour went quietly away to a moorland village some twenty miles off, and inquired as to the probability there was of collecting a little school. There seemed to be an opening there; before she left, she took a very small house which chanced to be empty; and in the course of a month, she had her furniture removed, and herself established as village-schoolmistress.

The 'branches' which Mrs Armour undertook to teach—and which she was quite capable of teaching—were reading, writing, arithmetic, and sewing. Her school was well attended; children liked to go; she had a 'way' with them. Indeed, every one had a kindness for her but the parish schoolmaster, who rather thought that she poached on his manors. If she had only been a widow, he considered, he could and would have quashed the opposition effectually; as it was, he could only look glum, and he did it.

The little people who then frequented Mrs Armour's school are now the parents of the village; and it was only the other day we noticed them advertising for 'a lady who could impart the harp and piano, French, Italian, and German, with drawing and wax-flowers: a knowledge of singing and botany would be a recommendation. Guaranteed salary, £100 a year.' We quote this merely to shew what immense strides have been made in some directions within the last score of years. At that time, there were only two pianos in the district; now, they are as common as tables. Then, neither in Mrs Armour's school, nor in that of her masculine competitor, did the pupils quote

Milton, or read memoirs of Shelley—they do both now; and it is not uncommon to find Macaulay's ballads done into crochet-work covers, reposing on tables under the shadow of bead-baskets.

As, by perpetual attrition, water wears the rock, and as the grand fantastic splendours of the stalactite cave are reared by the residuum of the dropping water, so time obliterates the memory of a grief, or, at least, wears the edges away, and sends its daily round of cares, greater or less, to build new hopes, new interests, new memories; and many a scathed and crushed creature has thanked the God of Providence that it is so.

Mrs Armour went on her way quietly, and, in process of time, cheerfully. Her children were well and happy; and her little school, and little annuity, answered remarkably well; but never a word of her husband, direct or indirect, did she hear. At nights she would lie awake, pondering over what he could be doing, or where he could be. Sometimes she would think of him as comfortable and doing well, but wholly forgetful of her and his children; sometimes as destitute and an outcast; and during sleep, when imagination escapes from control, she followed him in dreams to the ends of the earth. In the broad light of day, a form in the distance having any resemblance to his would cause her to start and tremble. She often feared she might discover him in a beggar at her door, for she had heard and read of such painful recognitions. But the years passed on, and no clue came to her hands to afford any enlightenment on the subject, until the seventh year of his absence came round.

The principal draper in the village had a brother, who had set out in early life, like many of his countrymen, to push his fortune, and found, like some others, that fortune rather pushed him. He had journeyed from continent to continent, and wandered in many lands, only to come back to his native place not much richer than when he set out. He heard Mrs Armour's history, and suddenly it flashed on him that, during his travels in America, he had met a man answering to the description, and bearing the name of George Armour. They had travelled the same route for two days, and were crossing a river on the third, when suddenly the ferry-boat capsized. They were all thrown into the water; two men drowned, the rest saved: the man bearing the name of George Armour was one of the two that perished.

When the report reached Jeanie's ears, she immediately sought an interview with the individual who brought it, and whose wandering instincts were just about to lead him to set off again.

He did his best to satisfy her anxious inquiries, but, as he had not taken more than a general interest in the drowned men, he could not give so many particulars as she could have wished; but she left him, convinced that, without doubt, it was her husband whose life had been thus brought to a sudden end. She put on a widow's dress, and mourned in her heart as sincerely and more acutely than if he had been all he ought to have been. Her health failed somewhat under the shock of the intelligence, but a little change and relaxation soon restored her.

Miss Elder and Miss Bogle, though, as Christian women, sorry for the death of a bad man, felt a degree of satisfaction in the certainty that now he would not come back, as they always expected he would, to be a burden to his wife.

It was the best thing George Armour had ever done for her—if he could be said to have done it—this making her his widow. It secured her position; it improved her standing in the public eye; and it set her mind at rest. Any one who has ever been long tossed between hope and fear, knows that certainty

even of the worst is greatly preferable to suspense. Widowhood is a legitimate channel, into which sympathy can flow without meeting an obstacle; but the neglected or deserted wife occupies very different ground, both in her own eyes and those of others.

PAIN A BLESSING.

Sir Humphry Davy, when a boy, with the defiant constancy of youth which had as yet suffered nothing, held the opinion that pain was no evil. He was refuted by a crab which bit his toe when he was bathing, and made him roar loud enough to be heard half a mile off. If he had maintained instead, that *pain was a good*, his doctrine would have been unimpeachable. Unless the whole constitution of the world were altered, *our very existence depends upon our sensibility to suffering*. An anecdote, which is quoted by Dr Carpenter in his *Principles of Human Physiology*, from the *Journal of a Naturalist*, shews the fatal effects of a temporary suspension of this law of our nature. A drover went to sleep upon a winter's evening upon the platform of a limekiln, with one leg resting upon the stones which had been piled up to burn through the night. That which was a gentle warmth when he lay down, became a consuming fire before he rose up. His foot was burned off above the ankle, and when, roused in the morning by the man who superintended the limekiln, he put his stump, unconscious of his misfortune, to the ground, the extremity crumbled into fragments. Whether he had been lulled into torpor by the carbonic acid driven off from the limestone, or whatever else may have been the cause of his insensibility, he felt no pain, and through his very exemption from this lot of humanity, expired a fortnight afterwards in Bristol hospital.

Without the warning-voice of pain, life would be a series of similar disasters. The crab, to the lasting detriment of chemistry, might have eaten off the future Sir Humphry's foot while he was swimming, without his entertaining the slightest suspicion of the ravages that were going on. Had he survived the injuries from the crab, he would yet have been cut off in the morning of his famous career, if, when experimenting upon the gases, the terrible oppression at the chest had not warned him to cease inhaling the carburetted hydrogen; nor, after a long struggle for life, would he have recovered to say to his alarmed assistant: 'I do not think I shall die.' *Without physical pain infancy would be maimed, or perish before experience could inform it of its changes.* Lord Kames advises parents to cut the fingers of their children 'cunningly' with a knife, that the little innocents might associate suffering with the glittering blade before they could do themselves a worse injury; but if no smart accompanied the wound, they would cut up their own fingers with the same glee that they cut a stick, and burn them in the candle with the same delight that they burn a piece of paper in the fire. *Without pain we could not proportion our actions to the strength of our frame, or our exertions to its powers of endurance.* In the impetuosity of youth, we should strike blows that would crush our hands, and break our arms; we should take leaps that would dislocate our limbs; and no longer taught by fatigue that the muscles needed repose, we should continue our sports and our walking tours till we had worn out the living tissue, with the same unconsciousness that we now wear out our coats and our shoes. *The very nutriment which is the support of life would frequently prove our death.* Mirabeau said of a man who was idle as he was corpulent, that his only use was to shew how far the skin would stretch without bursting. Without pain, this limit would be constantly exceeded, and epicures, experiencing no uneasy sensations, would continue their festivities until they met with the fate of the frog in the fable, which was ambitious of emulating the size of the ox. Sir Charles Bell mentions the case of a patient who had lost the sense of heat in his right hand, and who, unconscious that the cover of a pan which had fallen into the fire was burning hot, took it out and deliberately returned it to its proper

place, to the destruction of the skin of the palm and the fingers. This of itself would be an accident of incessant occurrence if the monitor were wanting which makes us drop such materials more hastily than we pick them up. Pain is the grand preserver of existence, the sleepless sentinel that watches over our safety, and makes us both start away from the injury that is present, and guard against it carefully in the time to come.—*American paper.*

SUMMER GONE.

Small wren, mute pecking at the last red plum,
Or twittering idly in the yellowing boughs
Fruit-emptied, over thy forsaken house,
Birdie, that seems to come
Telling, we too have emptied our year's store,
Summer is o'er:

Poor robin, driven in by rain-storms wild
To lie submissive under household hands,
With beating heart that no love understands,
And scared eye, as a child
Who only knows that he is all alone,
And summer's gone:

Pale leaves, sent flying wide—a frightened flock,
On which the wolfish wind outbursts, and tears
The tender forms that lived in summer airs:
Till taken at this shock,
They, like frail hearts whom sudden grief sweeps by,
Whirl—sink—and die:

All these things, earthy, of the earth, do tell
This earth's continual story: we belong
Unto another country, and our song
Shall be no mortal knell,
Though all the year's tale, as *our* years rush fast,
Mourns, 'Summer's past!'

O love immortal! O eternal youth;
Whether in budding nooks it sits and sings,
As hundred poets of a hundred springs;
Or slaking passion-droth
Out of the wine-press of affliction, goes
Godward, through woes.

O youth undying! O perpetual love!
With these, by winter fireside we'll sit down,
And wear our snows of honour like a crown,
And sing as in a grove,
Where all the full nests ring with vocal cheer—
'Summer is here.'

Roll round, strange years: swift seasons, come and go;
Ye brand upon us only an outward sign,
Ye cannot touch the inward and divine
Which God knows—and we know;—
Sealed, until summers, winters, all shall cease
In His great peace.

Therefore, uprouse, ye winds, and howl your will;
Beat, beat, ye sobbing rains, on pane and door;
Enter, slow-footed age; and thou, obscure
Grand angel—not of ill,
Come thou but *once*, and then, where'er thou come,
Glad, we'll go home.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by WILLIAM ROBERTSON, 23 Upper Sackville Street, DUBLIN, and all Booksellers.